

SHOTS IN NIGHT START BIG SCARE IN BORDER CAMP

Huge Crowd Turns Out, but
It Is All a Mystery Yet
at McAllen.

71ST GIVES A SHOW.

Kid McCoy Helps Out With
Boxing Bout—Songs
a-Plenty Heard.

By Martin Green.
(Special Staff Correspondent of The
Evening World.)

McAllen, Tex., July 20.—Memories of the days a few months back when the people of this community remained indoors after dark and everybody carried a gun were recalled early to-day when shots were fired out of the town. Within a few minutes McAllen was awake; military police, mail carriers and carrying rifles, were hurrying out toward the brush; the town marshal was telephoning to the homes of members of the Home Guard for reinforcements and women folk and children along the eastern edge of the town deserted covered sleeping porches for the security of plaster walls.

Most of the members of the military force were asleep in the barracks back of the moving picture theatre. A few were on patrol, but their beats were in the Mexican quarters to the south and west of town. About the only people awake were the telegraph operators sending away the night reports of the correspondents.

The shots were fired at about 3 o'clock. First there were three from what sounded like a revolver of large calibre, then five apparently from an automatic. All who heard the shots agreed that they were fired in a stretch of open country east of the schoolhouse, which is on the edge of the village.

The military policemen turned out in their white undershirts and wore shining marks in the electric light as they hustled around trying to locate the trouble. Trained by citizens they finally struck off toward the Mexican quarter in a direction opposite to that in which the firing had been heard.

As the posse was passing the telegraph office the operators started their right. When the streets began to fill with half dressed men and carrying shotguns, Winchester and pistols, newspaper correspondents joined the throng and were treated to a show of Texan preparedness when there is shooting around.

In the darkness of the brush at the end of a street through which the crowd was moving was heard the sound of a man getting a pump gun ready for action. Every native who heard the sound jumped for shelter. Two who were in advance dropped flat and crawled through the dust to the protection afforded by a barn.

Finally the military police investigated the brush with electric flashlights. They found no signs of carnage. The supposition is that a couple of playful cowboys on their way home shot at the stars a few times. It is the case the cowboys furnished McAllen with the biggest topic of conversation since the soldiers first struck the town.

Before the McAllen saloons closed, at 6:30 o'clock last night, the military police had arrested eighteen New York militiamen for the heinous crime

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advertisements.)

of drinking could hear out of bottles. The prisoners were sent to their companies and to-day their names were reported to their regimental commanders. They will be tried by court martial. Most of the offenders in this first big raid since the prohibition order went into effect are members of the Twenty-second Infantry.

71ST GIVES A SHOW FOR 1,000 TROOPS

Mothers and fathers and wives and sisters of the soldiers from New York camped in Texas may be interested in knowing how some 1,000 of them spent yesterday evening.

The afternoon soldiers attended an entertainment given by the members of the Twenty-second Infantry on an elevated stage back of Division Headquarters. The entertainment was quite innocuous. It would not have held ten of the boys for ten minutes in New York, but it held 1,000 almost enthralled for nearly two hours out under the Texas stars, and despite the fact that all the bugs, insects and everything else that moves on wings were also present, attracted by a cross-shaped arrangement of electric lights suspended over the stage.

To say the scene was picturesque doesn't do it justice. The soldier boys in their peaked hats, nearly all smoking cigarettes, were seated on the ground in a square around the platform, and from a little distance all that could be seen defining the inside boundaries of the square was a four-sided bank of dull, twinkling lights, each light marking the end of a cigarette. The light of a match will attract a half of insects in Southern Texas, and the electric lights over the stage were the cause of assembly of almost all of the winged bugs in the world; but the boys have become accustomed to bugs, and they just eat and smoked and enjoyed themselves.

Quartets and octets and solo singers got up and played their parts. Outside the line of soldiers hundreds of Mexicans stood solidly in the darkness watching the fighters of Uncle Sam at play.

KID MCCOY AND BUGS HELP OUT IN ENTERTAINMENT.

Automobiles lined up to the north of the assembly and each auto had a crowd of civilians enjoying a big show for nothing. In a vocal way a soloist who sang a song the refrain of which ran "You broke my mother's heart all over you" made the hit of the evening.

Singing and music are all right as far as they go, but there must be some rough stuff for soldiers, and it was not lacking in this entertainment, and was furnished, in a number of boxing bouts. The star event of the evening was a three round bout between Private Norman Selby, known in ring history as "Kid McCoy," and a heavy youth named McDonald, who is said to be a protégé of slinky Kid.

The boys in camp owe a lot to Kid McCoy. He has taken up the job of promoting boxing contests and giving the benefit of his coaching. Last night he appeared in full ring costume, including the loose white running pants he introduced in the ring in this country, and put in nine minutes of strenuous work as ever he performed in the days when he ranked with the top-notchers.

Bugs by the million swarmed over the soldier boys, exhibiting their basket of tricks and sent hundreds of soldier boys back to their tents for the night with ambitions to cultivate their muscles and perhaps become proficient in the many art of self defense.

That is how 1,000 odd soldiers spent yesterday evening.

DR. DARLINGTON, THREATENED, GETS MILITARY GUARD.

As many more spent the evening in their camps resting in a cool breeze. The men who were allowed in McAllen patronized the ice cream saloons and soda water fountains and the moving picture show until even the prospect of a bunk on the ground was more alluring, and they hiked back to their quarters.

There isn't anything very exciting about the life of a soldier in the training camps in Texas, but some excitement has been ushered in by the \$100,000 of State pay which is to be distributed next week.

Investigators headed this way may take notice that the Texas State Darlington, former Health Commissioner of New York, felt that after he had been waited on by a committee of citizens of McAllen he would be under a military escort. The alert doctor was not long in ignorance of the fact that a Texas officer of the peace, armed with a large, brilliant revolver, had been inquiring about him at camp and speaking of spattering of lead and other unpleasant things in connection with anybody who would asperse the health-giving qualities of the McAllen water.

What Sort of Wife What Sort of Hubby Do You Want?



Portentous Questions
Are Addressed The Evening
World Readers and Their Answers Will
Be Printed in These
Columns.

Do You Look for Riches,
Education, Comeliness,
Amiability or All Com-
bined in a Life Partner?

By Marguerite Moores Marshall.

What sort of wife do you want?

What sort of husband do you want?

This is the time of year when Cupid works overtime twirling the wheel

of matrimonial fortune. This is the time when summer

moonlight, idle vacation days, flower-colored frocks, the

two-by-two solitude of canoes, lovers' lanes, beach picnics

and park benches set every young man and woman

dreaming of the "not-impossible" (or he) "that shall

command my heart and me."

Now, then, what is the sort of person whom you

would like to marry? What qualities, accomplishments,

possessions are you going to look for in choosing a

husband or a wife?

I should like to receive, from the young men and

women who read The Evening World letters describing just the kind

of mate each of the writers would choose. If you are a girl, what sort

of husband is the hero of your dreams? Must he be rich? Do you

insist that he be handsome? Do you prefer a strong, masterful per-

sonality, or a gentle, amiable soul, or a mischievous, headstrong boy

whom you can "mother"? What sort of man do you want to marry?

If you are a young man, what are

your specifications for the "Girl"? Do

you stipulate that she be pretty? Must

she know how to cook and keep house? May she be a Suffragist? Do

you look with favor upon the business woman? Do you prefer the home girl

to the girl who earns her own living? What sort of girl do you want to

marry?

Just the other day a young New

Yorker, Arthur M. Loeb, publicly and

explicitly described the type of woman

whom he hopes to make his wife. He

is the head of an engineering and

contracting firm, has just returned

from an eight years' sojourn in South

and Central America and is now living

at the Broadway Central Hotel. He

is described as being twenty-eight

years old, curly-haired, home-loving

and economically in a position to provide

for the woman he marries.

The interesting thing about his

declaration of pre-matrimonial prin-

ciples is that he doesn't want to wed

a New York girl. He apparently

doesn't think she will make the wife

for whom he is looking. What do

New York girls say to that? And are

any New York men ungallant enough

to agree with Mr. Loeb? Are there

others who would NOT choose the

New York girl as a wife?

"I have seen many of the so-

called New York type, but it

doesn't appeal to me," says Mr.

Loeb. Most of these women are

overdressed and have not the

qualifications that I believe are

necessary for a good lifelong

companion. And it is a com-

panion I want. An educated

woman? Yes, but not one who

is overeducated. She must not

be of the dressy type found in

New York, nor one with a veneer

of education, affection and per-

functory manners, but just a nat-

ural, companionable woman who

can be a pal and a delightful

travelling companion. The object

of my search is a real wife, and

not an overdressed ornament."

What do you think of Mr. Loeb's

ideal wife? It seems to me that he

has shown discernment and good

sense in compiling his requirements,

despite his pessimism about possible

local candidates for the honor of his

hand. All that wears pretty clothes

is not thereby denuded of the homely

virtues.

But I am ever so much more in-

terested in your ideas regarding the

ideal wife and the ideal husband.

There's no reason in the world why

in your letters to me you should not

express yourselves with complete

frankness. I should like to publish

your communications, your names

will not be made public.

What I hope we shall develop

is a candid and constructive dis-

cussion of the points to consider

in choosing a husband or a wife.

This is the important first step in

the most important business any

human being can undertake—the

business of marriage.

Even if you don't plan to go into

the business immediately, making

up your mind as to the sort of hus-

band or wife you want is just a part

of the doctrine of preparedness to

which we all stand committed. So

let me hear from you.

GERMANS EXECUTE

BRITISH CAPTAIN

OF MERCHANT SHIP

Fryatt Condemned by Court

Martial on Charge of Trying

to Ram U-Boat.

BERLIN (By wireless to Sayville),

July 20.—Capt. Charles Fryatt of the

Great Eastern Railway steamship

Brussels, which vessel was captured

by German destroyers last month

and taken into Zeebrugge, has been

executed by shooting after trial be-

fore a German court martial.

Testimony was presented at the

court martial to show that while

Capt. Fryatt did not belong to the

armed forces, he had attempted on

March 28, 1915, while near the Maas

Lighthouse, to ram the German sub-

marine U-33.

Capt. Fryatt and the first officer

and the first engineer of the Brussels

received from the British Admiralty

gold watches for "brave conduct,"

and were mentioned in the House of

Commons.

The submarine U-33, according to

the official account of the trial, had

signaled to the British steamer to

show her flag and to stop, but Capt.

Fryatt did not heed the signal. It

is alleged he turned at high speed to-

ward the submarine, which only es-

caped by diving.

Capt. Fryatt, the official statement

says, admitted that he had followed

the instructions of the British Ad-

miralty, and that he was a passenger

and not a member of the crew, and

that the captain was executed and shot

for a "franc-tireur" crime against

armed German sea forces. The trial

was held at Bruges, Belgium, yester-

day.

When captured by German torpedo

boats on June 24 Capt. Fryatt was

plotted the steamship Brussels from

Rotterdam to Tilbury. Several Ger-

man warships dashed out of the na-

val base at Zeebrugge and escorted the

Brussels back to the Belgian harbor.

On board the Brussels was an un-

usually large number of Belgian

women and children refugees and she

carried an all British crew of forty-

four men. Included in the cargo were

30 tons of margarine and quantities

of fish, butter and meat.

Dutch newspapers said it was gen-

PRIEST PRODUCES MYSTERY CHECK IN PHONE INQUIRY

\$150 Father Farrell Gave Dr.
Potter Paid for Minutes of
Investigation.

WHICH ENDS MYSTERY.

Witness Says Doherty Made
Threat to Help "Do Up"
Charity Homes.

The Rev. William B. Farrell, pastor
of the Church of St. Peter and Paul,
one of the four men accused by Mayor
Mitchell of conspiracy to thwart jus-

tice, completed his testimony in the
wiretapping investigation to-day. To
attorney Alfred J. Tailey Father Far-
rell handed a check for \$150 drawn to
the order of Isabel Levinson stenog-
rapher to the Strong Charities in-
vestigation.

"That," said the clergyman, "is the
check I sent to Dr. D. C. Potter, who
gave it to his son Dean, who paid it
to Miss Levinson for the minutes of
the Strong Commission furnished to me."

It was drawn by Father Farrell as
Treasurer of the church.

With the check was Miss Levin-
son's receipted bill for the minutes of
the investigation.

Father Farrell said that he wrote
the "Open Letter to Gov. Whitman,"
which is complained of in this case as
a part of the alleged libelous pam-
phlets, entitled "A Public Scandal."

"I wrote the letter and signed it,"
said Father Farrell, "and sent it to
the Governor on February 18. I did
not give it out to the newspapers
until after noon. I wrote it because I
have been familiar with charity work
for years."

This letter formed the first part of
a series of pamphlets upon which
Mayor Mitchell bases his charges of
libel and conspiracy to thwart the
course of justice in the Strong Char-
ities investigation. The other accused
men are Mr. John J. Dunn, Chan-
cellor of the Diocese of New York;
Dr. Daniel C. Potter and Robert W.

Hebberd, former secretary of the
State Board of Charities, who re-
signed during the investigation.

TELLS OF AN ALLEGED THREAT
DOHERTY MADE.

"Deputy Charity Commissioner O-
herty," said Father Farrell a few
moments later, "early in 1914 told
me, 'I am going to help Mr. Kings-
bury (Charity Commissioner) 'do
up' the institutions.'"

This meant, Father Farrell in-
stitutions. The accused clergyman as-
serted that the whole charities con-
troversy grew out of a covert attack
on the Catholic church, the chief ex-
ponent of institutional charity. They
say that Commissioner Kingsbury,
Homer Folks and others are trying to
destroy institutional charities and in-
augurate the system of "farming out"
orphan boys and girls.

Q Specify an unjust attack on
Catholic charitable institutions. A. To
take a concrete case, an article was
printed in a morning newspaper and
reprinted in the Moree pamphlet
about only sixty spoons for 120 chil-
dren in the Mission of the Immacu-
late Virgin at Mount Loretto, Staten
Island. I question if there is any
hotel in New York that has better
equipment than the mission at Mount
Loretto.

Mr. Littleton asked that this ex-
pression of opinion be stricken out
and Justice Greenbaum assented.

"I saw an abundant supply of
spoons there," said Father Farrell,
smiling.

"How many?" asked Mr. Littleton.
"Oh, a great many—thousands of
spoons," answered the